

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

Rocky Lane

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

WESTERN

AUGUST

10¢

NO. 4



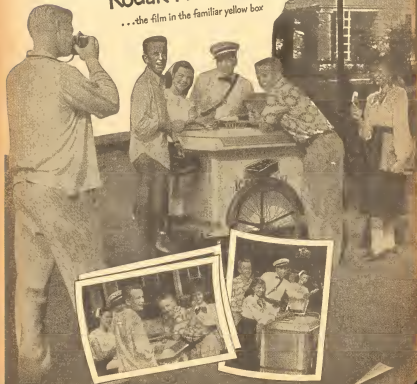
IN
THIS ISSUE:
**RAIL
RAIDERS'
RAMPAGE!**

BIG 52 PAGES

"Make mine snapshots!" Like ice cream on a stick, snaps always hit the spot! And easy to make? Couldn't be simpler! With Kodak Verichrome Film, you press the button...it does the rest. That's why it's America's favorite film by far. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

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ROCKY LANE WESTERN •

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Editor
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The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • WHIZ COMICS • CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • OZZIE AND BASS THE MARVEL FAMILY • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN WESTERN HERO • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • HOPALONG CASSIDY • GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane in RAIL RAIDERS' RAMPAGE



ROCKY LANE, STERLING YOUNG ACE UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, REPORTS TO HEADQUARTERS . . .

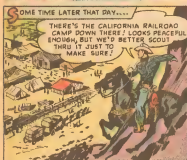
TWO RAILROAD OUTFITS HAVE BEEN AUTHORIZED BY CONGRESS TO BUILD THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD. ONE LINE IS PUSHING WEST FROM THE EAST, THE OTHER IS LAYING ITS LINE FROM THE WEST TOWARD THE EAST!

RIVALRY SPELLS TROUBLE, CHIEF!



Bravny bodies and stout hearts bending back the frontiers of the Wild West! Civilization on the march, girdling the uncharted plains and the mountain fastness with ribbons of steel--- while renegades hurl Redmen against White thru a haze of gun-smoke for the greed of **GOLD**---until the indomitable **ROCKY LANE** deals himself in the grim game to play a lone hand in the gripping drama of

RAIL RAIDERS' RAMPAGE!



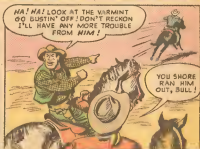








ROCKY LANE WESTERN





Stan MUSIAL

I COULDN'T EVEN GET HIM OUT WITH THIS!

OPPOSING PITCHERS SAY STAN "CAN'T BE FOOLED - HITS EVERYTHING!" MUSIAL'S SIZZLING .376 AVERAGE WAS HIGHEST IN NATIONAL LEAGUE SINCE 1935.

MUSIAL JUST BATTED ANOTHER PITCHER OUT OF THE BOX!

MUSIAL PROVED BIGGEST HEADACHE TO PITCHERS WITH RUNNERS ON BASE. DONORA, PA. "DYNAMITER" DROVE IN 131 RUNS LAST SEASON WITH 230 HITS.

YEAH, STAN EATS WHEATIES

HEY, YA DROPPED ONE!

THAT'S OKAY - I STILL GOT MY WHEATIES!

SLUGGING ST LOUIS CARDINALS OUTFIELDER WON EVERY NATIONAL LEAGUE BATTING HONOR EXCEPT HOME RUNS! (HIS 39 ROUND-TRIPPERS PLACED HIM SECOND.)

YUP - WE'VE GOT A DOUBLEHEADER TODAY!

FOUR BOWLS OF WHEATIES?

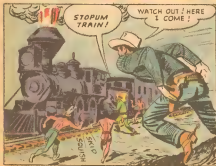
"JUST ABOUT EVERY MORNING YOU'LL FIND ME POLISHING OFF A COUPLE BOWLFULS OF WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT," SAYS CHAMP MUSIAL. "IT'S MY FAVORITE TRAINING DISH - THE YEAR AROUND."

WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

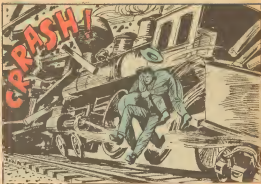


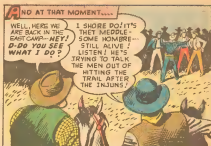


AS THE RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE SPEEDS ROCKY LANE AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS TOWARD CERTAIN DESTRUCTION....



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROCKY LANE WESTERN







KIDS! GET YOUR NEW WALT DISNEY "JOINIES" CHARACTER

MAKE 'EM DANCE 'N' ACT FUNNY FOR YOU!

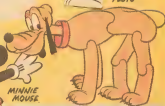


GOOFY

Open a box of Kellogg's Raisin Bran and find your "Joinie." It's in foil color, ready to punch out. You "fit" together the head, body, arms and legs, then make it "act" for you! "Joinies" have movable heads, arms and legs. Measure 4 to 5 inches. Six favorite Walt Disney characters. Collect all 6!



FUNNY BUNNY



PLUTO



DONALD DUCK



MINNIE MOUSE



MICKEY MOUSE

KIDS! THIS IS IT!

Mother will be happy to give you Kellogg's Raisin Bran 'cause there's 100% whole grain nourishment in the crisp, bran flakes—extra minerals in the juicy raisins! Get this swell fruit 'n' cereal combination today and a Disney "Joinie," too. Hurry!

NO WAITING!
ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF
ALSO IN KELLOGG'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

See Walt Disney's new full-length feature "So Dear to My Heart."





ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WAIT! LISTEN TO A FRIEND,
O GREAT CHIEF! TURN BACK YOUR
WARRIORS FROM THE WARPATH
BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



THE GREAT WHITE FATHER
WILL SEND MORE SOLDIERS
THAN YOU HAVE WARRIORS
TO SILENCE YOUR WAR
DRUMS AND MANY,
MANY WARRIORS
SHALL BE KILLED!



FIRST, A BAND OF
PALEFACES ROBS MY
BRAVES AND THEN
THEY ATTACK AND BURN
OUR VILLAGE IN
THE NIGHT AND
YOU SPEAK OF
PEACE! UGH!

SO THAT'S IT!
THOSE WERE NOT
GOOD WHITE MEN!
THOSE WERE
OUTLAWS! YOU
SHOULD NOT CONDEMN
ALL FOR THE DEEDS
OF A FEW!



PERHAPS YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH! PERHAPS
YOU LIE! WE FIND OUT! YOU SHALL RUN
THE GAUNTLET! IF YOU SPEAK TRUTH,
YOU WILL LIVE THROUGH IT! IF NOT...
YOU SHALL DIE!



UGH! WE SHALL SOON
SEE IF PALEFACE SPEAK
TRUTH OR
NOT!



LET PALEFACE
BEGIN HIS
RUN OF
DEATH!

NO MAN IN THE
WORLD COULD RUN
THRU THOSE WAITING
KNIVES, WAR CLUBS
AND LANCES AND
LIVE! RECKON I'LL
HAVE TO USE
SURPRISE
TACTICS!



SUDDENLY, WITH THE SPEED
OF A CHARGING PANTHER...

SINCE THIS GAME IS FOR
KEEPS, I'LL PLAY IT
MY WAY!



NOW TO GET
HOLD OF THAT
LANCE BEFORE
THEY RECOVER....

AIIIEE!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



AREEYII!



UGH! WE BELIEVE!



TO YOUR PONIES, MEK! WE'VE GOT TO STOP YOUR BROTHERS FROM ATTACKING MY BROTHERS!



'WE FOLLOW, WISE BROTHER!'



UGH! ME DO!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

AS THE SOFT, PLANTIVE CALL WAFTS ITSELF GENTLY OVER THE EMBATTLED PLAIN.....



...BLOOD-CURDLING WAR CRIES DIE AND BOW-ARMS RELAX AND PONIES ARE SWERVED AWAY FROM BATTLE!



HOW! LET THERE BE NO MORE FIGHTING! LISTEN TO PALEFACE SPEAK!

I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT'LL CLEAR THIS WHOLE MESS UP PRONTO IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT!



CHIEF, YOU SAID YOUR BRAVES WERE ROBBED OF THEIR TRAPPINGS BY RENEGADES, CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE ROBBERS?

USH! ONE HAD A TOOTH OF GOLD! I WOULD KNOW HIM!



FOLLOW ME UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE TO THE CAMP, CHIEF! YOU POINT TO THE ROBBERS IF THEY ARE THERE!



USH! HE REMEMBER THEM!

LOOK! IT'S THAT VARMINT I WARNED YOU WAS LEADING THE INJUNS! THIS PROVES IT! GET READY TO LET HIM HAVE IT AS SOON AS HE GETS IN SHOOTING RANGE!

DOGGONED IF YOU WEREN'T RIGHT, REARDON!

RIGHT!



THOSE ARE ROBBERS! THAT ONE HAVE TOOTH OF GOLD!

BULL REARDON, EH? JUST AS I THOUGH! HE'S THE ONE BEHIND ALL THIS!

LET HIM HAVE IT, BOYS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in

ROCKY LANE
WESTERN

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
LASH LARUE
IN

LASH LARUE
WESTERN

ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSSTAND!





ROPING N' RIDING

With



AND BLACK JACK

4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

ROCKY with BLACK JACK

Rocky Pardner -

Things are sure poppin' around the Republic Studios these days. More activity than Black Jack and I ever saw before. He's a lot busier than that ol' red hilt you've heard about a-hitchin' her fourteen baby chicks. He's really diggin' in - so time for us to just sit around and think. No sires, we're making one fast action movie after another. Black Jack joins me in hoping you like these as much as we liked making these.

The next recently completed ones carry these titles: "DEATH VALLEY GUNFIGHTER", "SAVAGO TRAIL RAIDERS", "SHERIFF OF WICHITA", and "FRONTIER INVESTIGATOR". All of them full of the Old West, with lots of hard ridin', fast shootin', and plenty of knock down, drag out, hand-to-hand flat fightin'. Black Jack helps to save the day, as well as my scalp, in a couple of these, too. Gosh, what a gal he is. I couldn't get along without that horse. No sir, I couldn't.

Say, pardners, you know this spine prevention program that's been in full swing all over the country these past few months? Well, it's taken up most of my spare time. I've managed to talk to a lot of you, but daggone! It, there's still just thousands and thousands of you, spread out all over, that I've missed. I hope these next few words are read carefully and remembered by those of you I didn't get to talk to in person.

Did you ever take time to think about the lesson in life that's to be found in each movie Black Jack and I make for you? It's contained in the strips of this magazine also. Actually, you are always being reminded of why folks should always stay on the right side of things if they expect to win out in their life. And how they are bound to wind up a big loser if they slip over to the wrong side.

Remember always right is right, and the bad folks ALWAYS pay the top price in the end, no matter how many they outnumber the right folks on right side.

Now the only way you can be sure you are starting on the right side is by following this simple rule. Always do exactly what your guardian asks you to do, no matter whether that guardian is your daddy, your mommy, your older sister, older brother, relative or teacher. Never sass or talk back to him or her, in any way. Never. They are older and usually wiser than you, because of their greater experience. They will never want you to do anything that will harm you, 'cause, you see, they love you. Early training and the development of good habits is what counts later on. If you're good kids now, it'll be easy to be good citizens when you are older and on your own.

You'll make me very happy and proud of each and every one of you if you'll promise me you'll try. Promise Black Jack and me, will you? Ah, ha, that's well - thanks a lot, pardners. May God make you and keep you one of his favorites always.

So long for now. See you from the screen, or from the pages of the next issue of this magazine.

Your pals,

Allen "Rocky" Lane

Allen "Rocky" Lane
and Black Jack

P.S. Black Jack and I are passing out cigars again. He's the grand papa of another outstanding all black, baby horse sell. It's a bay. I'll try to have a picture of him in one of the forthcoming issues of this magazine, if you'd like to see him.

"Rocky"



Captured in the Crusades

DREAMLAND
DRAMA
FEATURING
"RED" WALKER



"RED" HAS JUST
DROPPED OFF
TO SLEEP
AFTER READING
A HAIR-RAISING
STORY OF THE
CRUSADES.



GADZDINKS! WETHINKS
YON REDHEADED JERKIE
IS AN INFIDEL!

ON GUARD,
INFIDEL!

WHO—MEP



AFTER
HIM!

GOOD-NIGHT-
SHIRT! I'M GETTING
OUTA HERE!



YOICKS! THOU ART
A SPEEDY FELLOW! MY
STURDY STEED IS WELL-
NIGH WINDED FROM
THE CHASE!

ASK HIM THE
SECRET OF HIS
SPEED, SIR
S.O.-FOOT!



SPEAK UP, RED-HEADED
ONE, AND THY LIFE SHALL
BE SPARED!

WELL, YSSE, SIR-
IT'S MY SHOES!

"BALL-BAND'S ARCH-GARD
GIVES ME SUPPORT IN THREE
VITAL PLACES."

ONLY BALL-BAND
HAS THE EXCLUSIVE ARCH-GARD

ARCH-GARD GIVES
THE LONG ARCH
NEEDED SUPPORT
FOR MORE COMFORT
AND GREATER
PROTECTION.

ARCH-GARD CUSHIONS
THE HEEL AND EASES
RUNNING AND
JUMPING SHOCK.

ARCH-GARD CUSHIONS
THE RETRANSMITTED ARCH
TO HELP PREVENT TRING
OF FOOT ANKLES.



ZDUNDZ! SUCH **MAGIC
FOOTWEAR** IS INDEED WASTED
ON A RUFFIAN! HERE, I'LL
TAKE THEM FOR MYSELF!

NO! YOU'LL NEVER
GET MY BALL-BANDS!
NEVER... NEVER... NEVER...



YIPE, WHAT A KNIGHT-
MARE! SURE LOOKS
GOOD TO SEE MY BALL-
BANDS SAFE UNDER
THE BED!

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL-
SIGN OF THE BEST BUY IN
CANVAS SHOES - IN THE
STORE AND ON THE SOLE
OF THE SHOE.

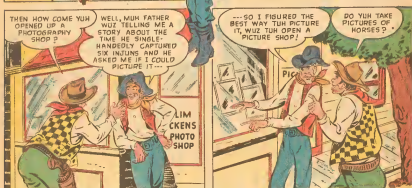


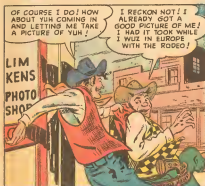
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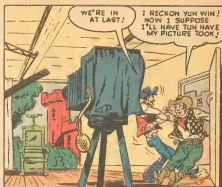
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. DES.
DESIGN, MO.

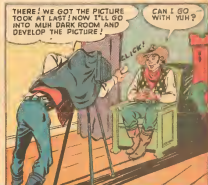
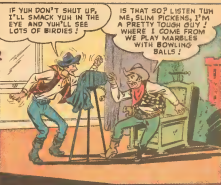
SLIM PICKENS

THE PHOTO FINISH









RELIABLE RUSTLER

By WALTER FARMER



RAMROD KEENE took another look at the man across the table. There was no mistaking the face, the slit eyes, the deep scar across the forehead, the black hair coming to a widow's peak in the middle. Ramrod knew he had seen that face before.

He had seen it in a WANTED poster. No matter what name he was using now, the man was definitely Killer Candra, wanted for murder and other crimes down Texas way.

Ramrod ate his chow and said nothing. He was not a lawman. He was merely a top hand who jobbed around at whatever ranch would give him the best work at the most pay. He did not stick his nose into other people's affairs. The code of the west said it wasn't generally too healthy to inquire about another man's past.

Yet, deep within himself, Ramrod Keene hated lawlessness and was loathe to associate with criminals. As he munched thoughtfully on his food he considered the possibility of saddling up and moving on. But his curiosity was disturbing him. He had noticed that quite a number of the men at the Lazy J seemed more like outlaws than genuine, hardworking cowhands. He couldn't describe exactly what told him that. There was something furtive in their manner.

"Wonder if Mr. Snively knows about it?" he thought, as he rose from the table. "I wouldn't like to be the one to tell him. Yet he's treated me all right and I'd hate to see him taken in by a bunch of outlaws."

Mr. Snively was the owner of the Lazy J. Ramrod had been told to report to him after chuck. He headed for Snively's living quarters now.

"You've got a reputation as a good man with horses," said Snively after inviting the tall cowhand to sit. "I'm getting some more, a whole lot more, and I'm thinking of putting you in charge of them."

"More horses?" Ramrod raised one eyebrow. "You've got enough horses. But I reckon if you want to buy more that's your business."

"Buy? Who mentioned buying them?"

"I don't know but three ways to get a horse," said Ramrod slowly. "You buy it or somebody gives it to you or you . . ."

"You steal it!" Snively finished. "We might as well get down to brass tacks. I know who you are."

"You do?" The cowman's astonishment was not feigned.

"Yes," said the ranch owner. "I do. And we're all in a big operation where we can make a lot of money. I need plenty of good horses. You're just the boy to rustle 'em for me. You'll get your cut. You'll be paid well. But that's not all."

"Not all?"

"No sir," responded Snively, leaning back with hands clasped behind his neck. "Stick with me and you'll be a duke in my kingdom."

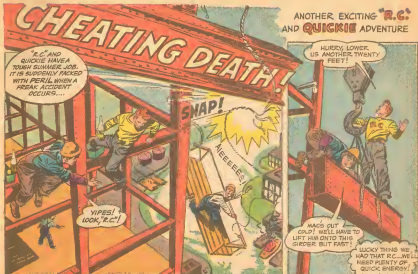
"Your kingdom?"

Snively chuckled. "I realize it's a hard picture for you small time bandits to grasp. Your idea of a big haul is to grab a pouch of gold dust from the stage. But with my plan, I'll rule this whole territory. Soon I'll have the whole West. I'll have plenty of horses, plenty of men to ride 'em, plenty of guns and ammunition. And believe me, the men we've got are just like yourself. They shoot straight and shoot to kill."

"But I never killed anyone," protested Ramrod.

Snively laughed again. It was a harsh, bitter laugh. "You're quite a kiddier," he said. "You who are wanted in three states for murder, Mr. Montana Kid!"

RAMROD KEENE was astonished and shocked at the sudden realization of what must have happened. A case of mistaken



identity! He'd been hired at the Lazy J because someone mistook him for the Montana Kid!

Ramrod realized how it could happen. He knew the Montana Kid, a lead-slinging desperado, by reputation and description. Ramrod and the Kid had the same general dimensions. Both were tall and slender with broad shoulders. Both had fairly regular features. Both had shocks of unruly red hair. And, since the Montana Kid had a reputation for using aliases, it was not unthinkable that he should choose such a name as Ramrod Keene.

"There's no use denying that I am who I am," he said slowly to Snavelly. "And I do know about horses and I'm always ready to make an honest dollar."

"Honest dollar!" chuckled Snavelly. "You've got a real sense of humor, Mr. Montana Kid."

"I'd just as soon you wouldn't call me by that handle," said Ramrod, stalling for time.

"It's safe enough," Snavelly assured him. "There's nobody here that'd go running to the law. All these hombres are in the same fix you are. If they don't all hang together, they'll all hang separately, as Benjamin Franklin said."

RAMROD KEENE was on a spot, and knew it. If it were soon discovered that he was not really the famous outlaw, his life would not be worth a snap. If, on the other hand, he successfully carried on the pretense, he'd surely become involved in crimes that would land a noose around his neck.

He made a decision quickly. He stood up and leaned across the desk. "I'll get horses," he said. "I'll bring them here. But remember this. I do it alone. I do it *my* way. And I'm not the Montana Kid!"

Ramrod turned on his heel, walked out swiftly, mounted his horse, and rode away from the ranch. He had been gone only an hour or so when a tall, red-headed man appeared in Snavelly's doorway and said, "You're Snavelly, aren't you? I'm sorry I'm late. Expected to sign on here most a week ago, but I had to detour to duck a posse. I'm the Montana Kid."

Snavelly was worried. He had no doubt that this was the real Montana Kid. The man had a handbill with his own picture on it. Yet Snavelly could not really call the other man an imposter. Ramrod had never claimed to be Montana. He had carefully denied it in fact.

A lookout shouted that horses were coming. Snavelly and his band of outlaws could see them in the distance. They could see two dozen horses and one rider. There was no mistaking the tall man in the saddle. He was Ramrod Keene. He rode at the head of the procession of equines.

"Whew!" exclaimed Snavelly. "He's a rustler after all. And fast. He may not be the Montana Kid, but he's O.K." He watched with a pleased smile as Ramrod and the horses dipped into a shallow ravine and trailed out of sight behind a hillock, heading for the winding road that would bring them to the ranch.

When next the horses came in sight they were already in the ranch yard, approaching the corral. One of the outlaws shouted a warning, but it was too late. A gun barked. The horses were now plunging straight toward Snavelly and his crew. And on each of them appeared, as if by magic, a U. S. cavalryman, fully armed and ready to fight. They had been clinging to the off-sides of the horses, Indian fighter style, as Ramrod led them upon the ranch from a distance. This had made the horses appear to be riderless.

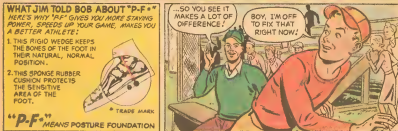
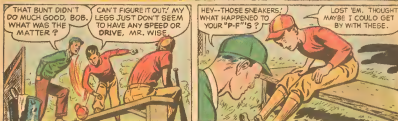
THE battle was over swiftly and without much bloodshed. The outlaws, in the face of cavalry fire, were quick to throw down their guns. The Montana Kid, Killer Candra, Snavelly and all the others were quickly captured.

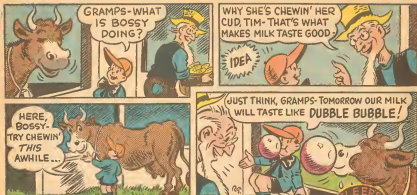
"I promised to bring you some horses, Mr. Snavelly," said Ramrod, "and I knew the nearest place to get them would be from my old cavalry outfit camped just over the ridge. But my buddies kind of like their mounts and decided to come along with them, just for the ride. I hope this doesn't interfere too much with your plans to be King of the West."

THE END

CHAMP to CHUMP-AND BACK AGAIN

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY





Dubble Bubble Gum is best
for you and me and all the rest
GET SOME TODAY!
1¢ with Comics, Fortunes, Facts



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in CONDEMNED!



What do these strange words mean? Can it be possible that Marshal Rocky Lane is serving the side of injustice and imprisoning innocent men? You'll find the answer in this spine-tingling action-packed yarn of suspicion and violence!

AT THE JOHN CHEDDAR LUMBER CAMP IN THE BLACK WOOD FOREST...



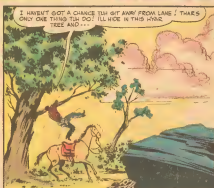
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



SOME DISTANCE FROM THE LUMBER CAMP----



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



THEY BLOW KNOCKED HIM COLD! I FIGGERED I COULD TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE! I'VE GOTTA RIDE FAST NOW! THERE MAY BE OTHERS FOLLOWING!



I'M A DEAD GIVEAWAY IN THIS HYAR SHIRT! I'VE GOT TUN GIT RID OF IT!



I'LL DUMP THIS SHIRT---HOW? LOOK AT THAT! JUST WHAT I NEED---A CLOTHESLINE WITH SOME NICE SHIRTS ON IT!



I'M IN LUCK! NO ONE SEEMS TUN BE AROUND! I'LL TAKE ONE OF THESE HYAR SHIRTS AND LEAVE HIDE IN ITS PLACE!



THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN I FIGGERED! WHEN ROCKY WAKES UP, HE'S SHORE TO COME THIS WAY AND SEE MY SHIRT HYAR! HE'LL THINK THE OWNER OF THIS RANGH IS THE GUTTER. THEY KILLED CHEDDAR!



AND JUST AS THE KILLER ANTICIPATED---

THAT VARMINT OUTSMARTED ME, BLACK JACK, BUT I WAGN'T OUT LONG! HALT! LOOK AT THAT SHIRT ON THAT BASKET! IT'S JUST LIKE THE ONE THE KILLER WORE! WHOA, BLACK JACK!



IT IS THE ONE THE KILLER WORE---IT HAS A BIG RIP IN IT!





YUH SEEM MIGHTY INTERESTED IN MINE WASH, MISTER!

HUH --- IS THIS YOUR STUFF?



THAT'S RIGHT! WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



UNDER ARREST?

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN SMARTER THAN TO LEAVE THIS SHIRT OUT HERE AFTER CHEDDAR RIPPED A PIECE OUT OF IT WHEN WHEN YOU KILLED HIM!



JOHN CHEDDAR KILLED! BUT I DIDN'T DO IT! HE WUZ MY FRIEND! I USED TUM WORK FOR HIM AT HIS LUMBER CAMP!

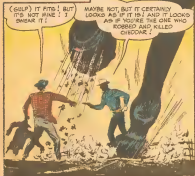
HUH! THEN YOU KNEW THE RAYROLL WAS ALWAYS DELIVERED ON THURSDAYS!



SHORE I KNOW IT, BUT I'M NOT A COOK NOR A MURDERER, AND THAT ISN'T MY SHIRT!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! PUT IT ON!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER ---



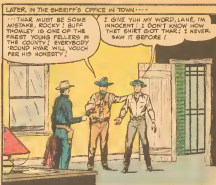
(GASP) IT FITS! BUT IT'S NOT MINE! I SWEAR IT!

MAYBE NOT, BUT IT CERTAINLY LOOKS AS IF IT IS! AND IT LOOKS AS IF YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ROBBED AND KILLED CHEDDAR!

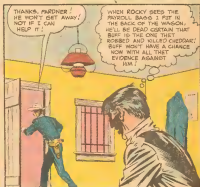


IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, YOU'VE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! I'M TAKING YOU TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

IT WORKED! LANE THINKS THE YOUNG GITTER IS THE GUILTY ONE AND IS ARRESTING HIM!







ROCKY SETS OUT FOR THE FORKED ROAD AND WITH BLACK JACK'S INCREDIBLE SPEED IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE ---





ROCKY LANE WESTERN



TROUBLE IN THE BULL RING

PRIVATE DETECTIVE SAM SPADE AND HIS SECRETARY FLY TO MEXICO FOR A DAY AT THE BULL-FIGHTS ...

DASHILL HAMMETT'S
Adventures of SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

LOOK AT MR. TOUGH-GUY WITH THE POCKET MIRROR

COMB AND MIRROR WON'T HELP THAT HAIR! HE NEEDS WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC!



BOY! WHAT TIMING!

MANUEL CAN HANDLE EM, SWEETHEART!



SAM ... THAT BLINDING FLASH!

...LIKE A MIRROR- MANUEL CAN'T SEE THE BULL!



SAM AND EFFIE RUSH TO WHERE THEY HAVE CARRIED THE INJURED BULL FIGHTER ...

HOLD IT, BUD! LOOK OFFICER- A MIRROR!

SO SO THAT'S WHAT BLINDS MANUEL!

THE COPS SAY HE'S MAD BECAUSE MANUEL STOLE HIS GIRL

YEAH... LET'S GO HOME WHERE GUYS BEAT COMPETITION WITH WILDROOT CREAM-OIL AND A FEW KIND WORDS



SAM SPADE ASKS:
CAN YOUR SCALP TAKE THE
WILDROOT TEST?

TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD, IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS AND LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC -CONTAINS SOOTHING LAMOLIN



EFFIE SAYS:

SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROOMING AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN PERMANENTS. NOTHING FINDS IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAINING CHILDREN'S HAIR.



Captain Tootsie TO THE RESCUE!



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Man's Watch

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Send today for your 20 get-acquainted Enlargement Coupons to hand out FREE. You also receive EXTRA, your sparkling, simulated Birthstone Ring correct for your month of birth, when half of the coupons are used. Be first to wear such a beautiful Wrist Watch and Birthstone Ring.

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DES MOINES (2) IOWA

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DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-143, 211 W. 7th St.
Des Moines (2) Iowa

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Address

City

State Month of Birth

☐ Lady's Watch ☐ Man's Watch



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